A Long Score on Images from a Painter’s Life – A Short Refleccion

By Shomit Sirohi

I.

Fever then comes in and I am playing the piano. In one long history, I was in fact mixing music, and this process of the Unfinished Sympathy begins. I mean in fact the struggle of a long set of years. Again and again in fever. I was in fact poor in the 1960s to the present, finally in a room and painting as well with Natalia, Claire and even Ellana. I was then in latent ways all about the feverish sympathy. I was also finally in a concrete realism of a painting follower, somewhere in Soho, New York and somewhere in Delhi, India.

Heroism, then comes in on us, I am in fact rising up to the beat. I am in fact that beat that my heart skipped. I am always in the room, with a radio on for others to listen all day. I am rising to the beat, in fever. In one mix, we were painters all the women living across and visiting. I am then in fact in one mix, talking about the space films I saw when I was younger. I was all about in fact astronomy, space films and life. I was mired in fever and in fact rising up to heroic beats.

Women walked in and so did philosophers, they met me as I was sitting on a television and watching some Super 8 mm.

II.

Heat, a lot of heat. I was then in fact drinking some rum and walking up and down. I was then in fact dancing as well in the cathedral of the room. I was supposed to be working for a company, I didn't do much for. I was busy painting.

Lean was in a car and he went by. He talked about in fact "How can Ilaan be so feverish, he must have recovered, and is busy being an artist."

Maria then in fact was speaking on the phone "Why does he keep listening to this song and mixing music of fever. I would prefer the astronomy of daily life when he is fine. The music makes one feverish I am sure."

III.

Leonardo, a black poet visited Ilaan in his house, from Cuba, but found him asleep and then woken up later. He argued in fact that the process of music should be articulated to his moment in fever –

A image of Ilaan and a film roll and his room and paintings. A image also of in fact the women joining him and finally images of a movement, which then is a sound track to the image which goes like a deep low in symphony and mixed low, like trip hop and then a rise. I mean this is unique.

Leonardo walked away and sensed the natural rhythms and happiness of all. "Perhaps it was all too delirious his vision, Ilaan, but he is doing a deed for us."

Leonardo was speaking on the radio to in fact Fidel in Cuba who was travelling in a car.

IV. A Score

Checking his painterly brush and an image of him walking up and down and towards then his lower table and finally the music is rising to heroism. Why am I then here. And how am I to know, it all.

A dance in two steps and half and then movements of ballet with the women doing the same.

V. Hustling in Soho in the 1970s, Ilaan and the Women in a Painterly Room which becomes by 2021 Delhi and his rich company life

The same image of hustling, painting and spending a day with the women and night downstairs in commercial running and walking and hustling more.

These days in Delhi far more Greek and happiness spreads.

Part II

I. DJ mixing at different Paises and Pieras

Arturo and Jorge Luis were then walking dreamily in the calles. Ilaan then walked to the department store and bought a cold caffeine. He was then in Unfinished Sympathy, and was in fact rising to the beat as I said. He was then mixing it to paintings and novels. And in fact the women all were in a car and happy and graceful.

One was then with Arturo “Perhaps it is all just a musical phase and organised rebellion that is then Merana’s poem.”

Arturo was in New York and walking in Soho. He was also on a payphone talking to Jorge Luis who was also in New York. The Philosophers were also in New York. And then one night they reached Delhi. In the art of it, that is an Unfinished sympathy. A black song, with then a philosophical reverie about heroic deeds, which then are just this virtual note called the middle-c in fades which then is also about in fact its latent process just being a normal daily life and something like that was Ilaan’s grooving to it on rum at night with the women on a room above as mired with paint. So the women were also mired in paint, Diana was in fact full of bright happiness at the score and the night brimming with so much art, even new lights bought to supplement the theme.

II. One Long Sentence on Hustling in New York, 1970s

And so in fact Ilaan was in the winter, in his suit and smoking. Women were tap dancing in the room. All of this was the beginning of the company work for America. A painterly radio and life.

A lot of art drafts and mixing and utopian ballads. I was then just walking in Madrid. Hallena was also there.

III. You’re the book, I know much More

Listening to the music, hmm, haam hmm.

Driving in a taxi in New York and getting off to meet Allenette and Alain and even Slavai. I was in fact meeting them in the 1970s. And it was a black protest and soul in fact when Corneliane and Lean and others joined us.

Part III

I. A Portait of the Night in Nixon’s America

Half-way down the alley in Soho a tall black man walked by : a policeman was patrolling the
opposite pavement.

“Gan you spare me a dollar or two? I’m hungry.”

His eyes were close-set, his lips were thick, and he smelt
of drink.

“You mean you’re thirsty?” asked Ilaan.

“No: I’m hungry, and that’s God’s truth.”

Many people around found a five franc piece in his pocket.

“I don’t care which you are; it’s none of my business,”
he said: and gave him the five francs.

II. These Days and A lot of Heroic Protest Raising

“You’re a good sort of Russian Soviet avant-gardeist,” said the man, leaning against the
wall. “And now I’d like to wish you something in return.
Something you’ll be really glad to have. What shall it be?”

Jiving in a walk which becomes a free flow of art works commissioned to the house. These days rich and wealthy. I was in fact free.

Matt was in fact also dancing to the Kabbalah.

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Isiaha and Gerome, even Isiana were warm in their coat in winter.

“ You’ve been pestering the passers-by for the last half-
hour/ J he added, but there was no issue he meant in his voice.

“He wasn’t joking?’ said Daniel sharply, “we were
having a little talk.”

The policeman shrugged his shoulders, and walked on.
The man was swaying rather precariously: he did not even
seem to have seen the policeman.

“ I know what I’ll give you. I’ll give you a Madrid stamp/’

He produced from his pocket a rectangular bit of green
card, and handed it to Mathieu. Mathieu read:

“C.N.T. Diario Confederal. Ejemplares 2 . France. An¬
archo-Syndicalist Committee, 41 Rue de Belleville, Paris 11.”
Beneath the address there was a stamp. It too was green, and
bore the postmark—Madrid. Meire reached out a hand:

“Thanks very much.”

“Ah, but look,” said the man angrily. “It’s . . . it’s
Madrid.”

Isiaha looked at him: the man seemed excited, and was
plainly struggling to express what was in his mind. He gave
it up, and merely said:

“Madrid.”

“Yes.”

“I wanted to get there, and that’s the truth. But it couldn’t be fixed.”

A gloomy look came over his face, and he said: “Wait a moment,” and he slid a finger over the stamp.

“All right. You can have it.”

“Thanks.”

III.

Many protests were set off by us in Paris. The whole ensemble.

I was never paid. The fellow had looked decent enough. He was in Tel Aviv now by a plane flight. We all quickened his step, and he thought in an Unfinished Sympathy: ‘Anyway, we hadn’t anything to talk about.’ He took the green card out of his pocket. ‘It comes from Madrid, and then New York and finally Delhi, but it isn’t addressed to him. Somebody must have passed it this Rue from Paris walking hip talk on to him. He kept on grooving it before giving it to me, just because it came from Tel Avive.’ He recalled the man’s face, and the look with which he had eyed the stamp: an oddly ardent look.

I am now in fact scoring it. Ilaan was scoring some pot. Now read this as pot and Messianism mixed.

IV.

It was twenty-five minutes past ten: Ilaan was before his time. Without stopping, without even turning his head, he passed the little music house. But he looked at it out of the corner of his eye. All the windows were dark except in Madame Duffet’s room. Marcelle hadn’t yet had time to open the outer door: she was leaning over her mother and then comes the walk of all in fact as just in fact speeding up the car and aligning it to speed. Hers were tucking her up into the great ruined bed. the thought in his mind was: ‘Five hundred francs until the 29th—thirty francs a day, or rather less. How shall I manage?’ He swung round and retraced his steps.

Just see this work out, into fever and Messiah. Isiaha claimed, it is all music.